ON THE NEW YEAR

Talmage Preaches a Sermon About the Present Year.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN THEORY

Test of His Discourse, "This Year Thou Shait Die", From Jeromiah, 25-15 His Theme in Detail.

BOROSLYN, Jan. 5.-This morning the Tabertanie congregation, meeting for first Sunday service of the new year, found the power dispress! to serious reflections on the dight of time. The opening hymn gave the keynote in the familiar words:

My dags are gibling setfily by, And I, a pilgriss stranger, Would not detain them as they fly, Those bours of toil and danger. Dr. Tulmage read several passages relating to antedilluvian longevity, making char-acteristic comments as he read, and then preached from the ominous words. Jeromish xxviii, id, "This year thou shalt

Jeromiah, accustomed to saying bold things, sistemed Hamanish in these They proved true. In sixty days Hananiah had departed this life.

This is the first Sabbath of the year is a time for review and for anticipation. A man most be a renius at stunidity who does not think now. The eld year died in giving tirth to the new, as the life of Jane Seymour, the English queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI, daward. The old year was a queen. The new shall be a king. The grave of the one and the cradle of the other are side by side. We can hardly guess what the child will be It is only two days aid, but I prophesy for it an eventful future. Year of mirth and madness! Year of pageont and conflagration! It will laugh; it will sing; it will groan; it will die

Is it not a time for earnest thought? The congratulations have been given. The Christmas trees have been taken down or have well nigh east their fruit. The friends who came for the holidays are gone in the rail train. While we are looking forward to another twelve months of intense activities the text breaks upon us like a bursting thunderhead, "This year thou shalt die!

TRUE OF SOME OF US. The saxt will probably prove true of some of us. The probability is augmented by the fact that all of us who are over thirty-five years of age have gone beyond the average of human life. The note is more than due. It is only by sufference that it is not collected. We are like a debtor who is taking the "three days" grace" of the banks. Our rare started with nine hundred years for a lifetime. We read of but one antediturian youth whose early death disappointed the hopes of his parents by his dying at seven hungred and seventy even years of age. The world then may have been alread of what it is now. for men had so long a time in which to study and invent and plan.

If an artist or a philosopher has forty years for work, he makes great achieve ments; but w. . must the artists and philosophers have done who had nine sundred years before them? In the nearly two thousand years before the flood, considering the longevity of the inhabitants, there may have been nearly as many people as there are now. The flood was not a freshet, that washed a few people off a plank, but a disaster that may have swent away a thousand sailtion. If the Atlantic ocean by a lurch of the earth tonight should drown this hemisphere and the Pacade ocean by a sudden lurch of the earth should drown the other hemisphere, leavthe about as many belows as could be got in one or two ocean steamers, it would give you are idea of what the ancient flood was

At that time God started the race with a shorter allowance of life. The nine hundred yours were heven down until, in the time of Vespasian, a consus was taken and only one hundred and twenty-four persons were found one hundred yours old and three or four persons one hundred and forty years Now a roan who has come to one hunfired years of age is a curiedty, and we go miles to see him. The vast majority of the race passess off before towerty years. To every apple there are five blossoms that neverget to be applied. In the country church the sexton rings the bell rapidly outil almost thremet and then tells it. For awhile the beil of our life rings right merrily, but with some of you the bell less begun to toil, and the plantedness of the text to you is more and more probable, "This year thou shalt

OCCUPATION AND CLIMATE DRIVE US ON. The character of our occupations adds to the prossuility. These who are in the pronione are undergoing a supping of the beain and mores foundations. men in this constry are driven with whip and sper to their topmost speed. Not one brain worker out of a hundred observes any moderation. There is something so stimulating to our climate that if John Brown, the essentiat of Edinburch, had Hved here, he would have broken nown at thirty five instead of diff-five, and Charles Dickens would have dropped as forty. There is sumething I wall our occupations which predisposed to illiease, If stout, to disorders ranging from fevers to apopiexy. If we be frail, to dispasse ranging from consumption to paralysis. Printers rarely reach fifty years. Watchmakers, in marking the time for others, shorten their own. Chamis's breathe death in their laboratories, and potters absorb paralysis. Painters fall ander their awn brush. Yourdrymen take death in with the Blings. Shoemakers pound away their own lives on the last. Overdriven merchants measure off their own lives with the yacdstick Miller grind their own lives with the grint Masons dig their graves with the travel And in all our occupations and professions there are the elements of peril.

Rapid climatic changes threaten our lives. By reason of the violent fits of the thermometer, within two days we live both in the srotic and the tropic. The warm south wind fasts us with our furs on. The winter blast cuts through our thin soparel. The boof, the wheel, the firearm. the amazzin wait their chance to put upon na skeir quiet in. I augonnee it as an ire possibility that three hundred and sixty-five days should pass and leave us all as we u w are. In what direction to elect the preced know not, and so I show it at a vestira. This year thou shall dir."

WHITE OF APPRICE In view of this, I advise that you have your temporal matters adjusted. Do not been your worldly affairs at the mercy of mimintenature. Have your mouple properry named, and your letters filed, sail your broke balanced. If you have broke fumbs," one that they are rightly deposited and accommend for the my widow or or phase serutels on your territories. This man wronged me of my inheritance Mase a man has title, leaving a compe temp; whose property has, tarming his own the admiranteshors, the surrogitte. the lawyers and the cheriffs. I charge yet. before moses there have gone, as fee on over ethic keep all my entitly matters made stranges, for "This year there studt die." rise, sint, that you be must in Chrisman work. Her many laboraths in the resert Fiftencess II the test he true of your in door not may an ordered throst give town go, and therefore it is uneado to come on all of the Sity and Condays. As you are on wall line like Toron, Market Tr. State: \$1.000 as in the law for a law and or and when Mr. 1879 Street, His Subbastic Color

Communication, Schooling waspers, what rou do in trendy at Sabbanda? Divide 'he three hand we and unity due days into two carte, what can yet its in one hundred and sighty-are days? What, by the way of sayag your family, the churck and the world to will not through all the ages of whernity in howen, get well the dishence and the outrage of going late givey, and having helped nous up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath school toucher has tuken into heaven her whole face, that Daniel Haker, the evengelest, toch thousands into heaven, that Dod-fridge has taken in hundreds of thousands; that Paul took in a hundred millions. How many will you take in' If you get into heaven and itsel none there that you seek and that there are none to come through your instrumentable, I beg of you to can under some sent in the back corner and never come out less the redormed get their eyes on you and some one my out, "That is the man who never lifted hand or voice for the redemption of his follows. Look at him, all heaven." Better be busy. Better put the plaw in deep. Better say what you have to say quickly. Better cry the alarm. Better fall on your knees. Better lay hold with both hands. What you now leave undone for Christ will forever be undone. "This year then shall die! GET READY.

In view of the probabilities mentioned, I salvise all the men and women not ready for eternity to get ready. If the text be true, you have no time to talk about nonessentials, asking why God let sin come into the world; or whether the book of Jenah is inspired; or who Melchisedec was; or what about the eternal decrees. If you are as near eternity as some of you seem to be, there is no time for anything but the question, "What must I do to be savei." The drowning man, when a plank is thrown him, stone not to ask what sawmill made it or whother it is oak or cedar, or who threw it. The moment it is thrown, he clutches it. If this year you are to die, there is no time for anything but immedistely laying hold on God. It is high time to get out of your sins. You say, "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold it on the tip of your linger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather; they compact, until some day a traveler's foot starts the slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. So the sine of your youth and the sins of your manhood, and the sins of your womanhood may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergences from the right-so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning, but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon you an avalanche of ruin

and condemnation.

A man crossing a desolate and lonely plateau, a hungry wolf took after him. He brought his gun to his shoulder and took sim, and the welf howled with pain, and the cry woke up a pack of woives, and they came ravening out of the forest from all sides and horribly devoured him. Then art the man. Some one sin of your life summoning on all the rest, they surround thy soul and make the night of thy sin terrible with the assault of their bloody musales. Oh the unpardoned, clamoring, revening, all devouring sins of thy lifetime!

A manise was found peging along the read with a torch in one had and a pall of water in the other, and some one asked him what he meant to do with them. He answered. "With this torch I mean to burn down heaven, and with this water I mean to put out the fires of hell." He was a maniac. He could do the one thing just as well as he could do the other. No time to lose if you want to escape your sins for This year thou shait die.

me announce that Christ, the Lord stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the year before, and all your He has waited for you with blood on his brow and tears in hiseye, and two outstretched, mangled hands of love.

You come home some night and find the mark of maddy feet on your front steps. You hasten in and find an excited group around your shild. He fell into a pond and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out and car ried him home to be respectated, you would have been childless. You feet that you cannot do enough for the rescuer on throw your arms around him. offer him any compensation. You say to him: "Anything that you want shall yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul sinking. and attempt's to bring it sabore, and you not only refuse him thanks, but stand on the beach and say: "Drop that soul! If I want it saved. I will save it myself "

I wish you might know what a job Jesus undertees when he carried your case to That crowded him to the wall. They struck bur. They spat on him. They kicked him. They cuffed him. They scoffed They sconraed him. They murdered him Blood blood! As he storps down to lift you up the crimson drops upon you from has brow, from his side, from his hands. Do you not feel the warm current on your face? Oh, for thee the hunger, the third, the thorn sting, the suffocation, the darkness, the groun, the sweat, the struggle, the death

A great playue came in Marseilles. The octors hold a consultation and decided that a corpse must be directed or they won d never know how to stop the playue. A Dr. Guyon said, "Temorrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will; prepared for death, went into the hospital; dissected a body, wrote ont the results of the direction and died to twelve hours. Beautiful self sacrifice, you say. Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven and saw a plague stricken race. Sin must he dissected He made his will, giving everything to his people. He comes into the ricking hospital of carth. He lays his hand to the work. Under our plagme he dies the healthy for the sick, the pure for the polinted, the innocent for the guilty Rehold the level Behold the sacrifical Be-

WILL TON HAVE JESUS? Decide on this first Sabbath of the year whather or not you will have Jenna. will not stand forever beginning for your love. This year then that the "

This great extration of the Gespel I now effer to every man, wuman and child. You shrill in a queer sing some esanot boy it. You count com it. A Santell writer any that a poor woman one old wrater's day looked through the windown of a hing's conservatory and saw a bonch of grance handing against the glass, one same the class and that bunch as grapes for my sick child at home!" At her spinstens which she carned a few shillings and went to buy the grapes. The king's gardener terms her out very roughly, and rand his had an arapes to sell. She went off and sold a him het and got sense more shillings, and came back and tried to buy the grapes. But the gardener coughly as muliced her and told her to be off. The king edaughter was realiting to the garden at the time, and one heart the excitoment. the line water with the last the beautiful its Canber to me a merchant to will, but a king and green. Then she rouched wound stocked the grapes and dropped thems in the poor weman copros. So Christ in a ring, and all try frame of his purden. he freely given. They may not be hought, Without mercey and without price take tion reset elector from the viscoyands of

has beening to the close of the seconds. sought to a test operation to the or "My dupl My as a wearing statistic." In a local at Present the Starts of the No.

our days that we may apply our bearts made wisdom, of the proper of the vine

but pressed upon my attention first of all, and last m all and attervall, were the tracts. This year thou shalt die." Perhaps it may mean me Though is perfect health now, it does not take their one work to bring down like strongest pirts had constitution. I do not want to dis this year. We have plans and projects on foot that I want to see completed; but God knows best, and he has a thousand better men than I to do the work yet undone. I have a hope that, notwithstanding all my sins and wanderings, I shall, through the infinite mercy of my Saviour, come out at the right pince. I have nothing to brug of hy way of Christian experience, but two things I have learned toy utter helplessness before God and the all abounding grace of the Lord Justia. If the text means some of you, my heavers, I do not want you to be caught unprepared. I would like to have you, either through money you have laid up or a "life incurance," be able to have the world feeling that your family need not become patipers. But if you have done your best and you leave not one dollar's worth of each you may confidently trust the Lord what promised to care for the widow and the fatheriess. I would like to have your soul fitted out for eternity, so that if any morning or noon or s night of these three hundred and sixty-five days, death should look in and ask, "Are you ready?" you might, with an outburst Christian triumph, answer, "Aye, aye! all ready."

LAST WORDS. I know not what our last words may be. Lord Chesterfield prided himself on his politeness, and said in his last moment, "Give Dayrolles a chair." Dr. Adam, a dying schoolranster, said: "It grows dark. The hoys may dismiss." Lord Tenterden, supposing nimself on the bench of a courtof the jury, you will now consider your verdict." A dying play actor said: "Drop the curtain. The farce is played out." would rather have for my dying words those of one greater than Chesterfield or Dr. Adam or Lord Tenterfield: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; benceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteons Judge, shall give mo.

The sooner the last hour comes the better if we are fitted for entrance in the celestial world. There is no clock in heaven, because it is an everlasting day; yet they keep an account of the passing years, because they are all the time hear ing from our world. The angels flying through heaven report how many times the carth has turned on its axis, and in that way the angels can keep a diary; and they say it is almost time now for father to come up, or for mother to come up. Scane day they see a colort leaving heaven, and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth:" and the question is asked, "What soul?" And a family circle in beaven find that it is one of their own number that is to be brought up, and they come out to watch. beach we now watch for a ship that is to bring our friends home. After a while the cohort will heave in sight, flying nearer and nearer, until with a great clang the gates hoist, and with an embrace, wild with the eastacy of heaven, old friends meet again. Away with your stiff, formal heaven! I want none of it. Give me a place of infinite and eternal sociality. My feet free from the clods of earth, I shall bound the hills with gladness and break forth in a laugh of triumph. Ahel ahal We weep now, but then we shall laugh. 'Abraham's bosom" means that heaven has open arms to take us in. Now we fold our arms over our heart, and toil the world to stand back, as though our bosom was a two barred gate to keep the world out. Heaven stands not with folded arms, but with heart open. It is "Abraham's bosom." see a mother and her child meeting at the foot of the throne after some years' absence. The child died twenty years ago but it is a child yet.

CRIMDREN TO ALL ETERNITY. I think the little ones who die will remain children through all eternity. ould be no heaven without the little darlings. I do not want those that are in heaven to grow up. We need their infant voices in the great song. And when we walk out in the fields of light, we want them to run ahead and clap their hands and pick out the brightest of the field flowers. Yes, here is a child and its mother meeting. The child long in glory, the mother just arrived. "How changed you are, my darling" says the mother. "Yes," says the child, "this is such a banny place, and Jesus has taken such care of me, and beaven is so kind, I got right over the fever with which I died. The skies are so fair, mother! The flowers are so sweet, mother! The temple is so beautiful, mother! Come, take me up in your arms as you used to." Oh, I do not know how we shall stend the first day in heaven. Do you not think we will break down in the song from ever delight? I once gave out in church the hymn:

There is a land of pure delight.

Where mints importal reign, and an aged man standing in front of the pulpit sang heartily the first verse and then he sat down weeping. I said to him afterward, "Father Linton, what made you cry over that bymn?" He said, "I could not stand it the joys that are com-When heaven rises for the doxology annot see how we can rise with it if all these waves of everlasting delight come upon the soul-billow of joy after billow Methinks Jesus would be enough for the first day in heavon, yet here he appronches with all heaven at his back.

But I must close this sersion. This is the last January to some who are present. the last January to some who are present. You have entered the year, but you will not close it. Within these twelve months your eyes will shur for the last sleep. Other hands will plant the Christmas tree and give the New Year's congratulations. As a preclamation of joy to some and as a curring to others, I leave in your our these fire words of one syllable each. This year thou shalt dief."

TOYS OF THE ESKIMO.

Life of the Children of the Frazen North Not by Any Means Monotonous.

Did you ever see a group of children get together on the sidewalk and play the facetnating gome of "Eshimor" All the young year gather in a ring and slowly jig are ited and around while half of them

Oh, do you know the Eskimo? The Eskimo? The Seastwo?

The query is solemaly answered with great alactity by the other half of the cir alle, who sortisks

Oh, yes, we know the Eskimo. The Estime, The Satime, If lives in the land of ice and snow, Of the said mover, Of the said norw.

They she whole bend hop selemnly about tire a lattice of this emprosed antice of the

the francest part of it all, according to stiction who has returned from the regions, is that the little February properties of five a sea almost released gates being the end little term of their corporate gains the end of their corporate and gains the end of their corporate telegry before it to be exact representations of the collidates of the far away month. They would throk that so much of the title for a gent incative three for a make the total chart so much of the fall that the region of the participant of the far away month the fall that the participant is a property against the property against a first participant of the fall that there is grant some little for the chargest pill you can bury for the property against the property against the property against the property against the property of and going through queer matica mobini-teningly betterm to be asset representa-tions of the militaria of the far away south great find just to play. But these little for

as the small in 's no alter that they but to their their small moved magnitude alread to doubt by stealing off award the hebergs in a lit the tot of a tippy, crashly craft unde of sixtus and things. They listen cound eyed to take of harpoons and deadly house with polar bears. They tell their centers brave tales of their own dauntless co when a bigger boy shouts "Folar bear" they run shrinking to their relatives, just as if they lived as California street or

The Eakimo emelt bey is amazingly like other boys. He is round faced and brown checked and chubby beyond belief. He wears queer gurments of skins and of leather. He never ate a pound of candy or a dish of fee cream in his life and he never beend of a boseball game, but he's into like other boys for all that,

As for the girl, she's processly like her blend sister down here, who hasn't the faintest notion how good whale's blubber is. She knows just the same kind of games. When one brown tot goes "visverite doll with her, and then she sits right down in the dark little but and begins to

That doll of hers is a strange looking being. It has a flut face, made of wood or bone, and it has the stiffest kind of arms and legs, not a joint in them, and its eyes are just painted on the face, and it's a lucky doil that has a hair on its head, but little Miss Eskimo loves that doll just us much as if it were flaxen baired and had red cheeks and shiring blue eyes. Dolly couldn't speak "Manuan" if you squeezed it to pieces, and it would never think of such a thing as letting you turn its head, but Miss Eskimo doesn't mind that a bit. She just dresses and undresses her, whips her and cries over her droadful misdeeds pronounceable thing in consonants and a

These benighted little beetle brows have never heard of Noah's ark, but they have a substitute for its weird animals among their toys. Wooden walruses with flerce mustaches, and ghostly birds, whose unbending dignity suggests the splendid re-serve of those familiar patriarchs, Shem, Ham and Japhet so distinctly that you look around for the little green trees and spotted dogs that always stand guard over

They don't have trains of cars to play with, those bine nosed shiverers. They wouldn't know what to do with them if they had, but they have a jolly substitute. There's a tiny sledge of bone, drawn by four sleuthlike dogs, and there are bold forerunners going on before and a daring hunter is walking nopchalantly behind There's a toy for you. There's something even better than that, though. There's a regular Santa Claus of a doil, sitting in a sledge and driving four beautifully snarl-

When the long winter dark comes on the boys sit in the low buts and make tiny boats of fishskin, cunningly stretched over a skeleton of firm wood. While they are tinkering away at these pretty beats the small sister sits beside them on the bearskin and makes soft little fur boots for her

The mother is close by making nets or trimming a robe with a delicate border of porcupine quills, and she can toll the loveliest of fairy tales. -San Francisco Ex-

Almost Alone at Her Daughter's Burial. There was a simple funeral at Oakwoods cemetery yesterday. No priest or minister was there to read the service—only a heart-broken mother who saw her only daughter go to her grave, while a man who had been a stranger to both and the undertaker watched the grief as the coffin was hidden under the clay.
Unfortunate Mamie Jonnings, whose

body was taken from the lake off Hyde to a pauper's grave but for the kindness of J. P. Luby, an operator on the open board of trade, who read the story of the suicide and himself arranged for a respectable Christian berial. The mother of the girl is without money, and but for the aid of Mr. Laby, who had known neither, the girl would have been buried by the bounty

Mrs. Jennings claimed to have asked of the church, where the girl attended services, to send a minister to conduct the funeral. There was no minister present, however, and the mother, rather than see her daughter buried without religious obcryance, stood beside the coffin of her daughter and read a portion of the eleventh chapter of the Geopel of St. John "For I am the resurrection and the life." Sho read, and there came a rolemn amen from

the two who looked on in reverent silence Snow had covered the mounds of earth about the new made grave, and headstones were half hidden by the mantle of white. Near by a long line of carriages wound in and out among the leafless trops, following the hearsa containing the remains of a daughter whose life had been passed in the midst of riches and of lexury. Above her grave were hosped beautiful wreaths of flowers until the dark clay was hidden, and sorrowing friends stood by and rought to toften the grief of mother and father.

At the other grave the mother gave one look across the snow and then placed a little bunch of faded forgetmenots on the grave of her child and turned to where the nge carriage stood. There were no tears to her eyes, and no she gave a last look at the mound and the flowers she said, "Thy will be done."- Chicago Tribune.

At the Police Court.

Magistrate-Prisoner, your face appears familiar; I fancy I saw you here before the holidays.

Male Prisoner-Your worship must be confounding me with my sister!-Intransigeant Illustre.

A Sure Sign. Betsy-Do you really think that Charles has any serious intentions of

making you his wife? Leoni-I am quite sure of it; the presents he gives me are all useful ones .-Dagsbladet.

> What Can a Speller Do? If an S and an I and an O and a U With an X at the end, spell Su, And an E and a Y and at E spell L Fray, what is a speller to do?

Then, if also an S and an I and a G nd an H E D spell cide There's nothing much left for a speiler But to go and commit siourcyceighed

> Get semathing mariller than the ordinary pill. And something that's bester. That means Dr. Figure's Fleesant Pellets



they and the can in the way they are thin this way they are those they sugar-content builds. They put at Pollets They put at Carestips his case they are the caretips his case they are the are they are the are they are t Failute They just an ond to Suck and School Heatinches Constitution, Indigention, Divaluess, Silicas Attacks of the

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SPECIFICS,

Every Two and a Half Minutes.

The blood makes a circuit of the body every two and a bal minutes, delivering instrument and taking back waste matter to be filtered out by the liver and ridneys and removed from the nedy through the bowels and the urinary secretion. Any stoppage or obstruction of this process may produce various torms of disease, such as Dyspersia. Billiumness, Constipation, liesaache, Debdity, and bad blood with its multiplied evilation is, bioteches, numples, sores, erunt one, absorage and the like. When such obstructions with a sevidenced by the produce of exhaliants, milar to the se hist mentions of the best medicine to use is fluidors filters, which unnecess the secretions, removing all imputers and effect matter through the proper channess. By restoring healthy action at the stowach, liver, a discovering healthy action at common plungle to the worst scratillous sere-

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of this, leave his dishonest store, inclose in in letter, and we will send by return m Price, one package first \$5. One will pleas in will cure. Pamphlet in plain scaled velope, letterpe. Address The Yord Che ical Co. Ill Woodward are, Detroit, Mich. Sold in Grand Empire by E. E. Wilson. PENHYROYAL PILLS

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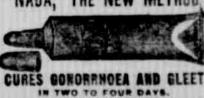
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